

40¢ 160  
SEPT  
02459

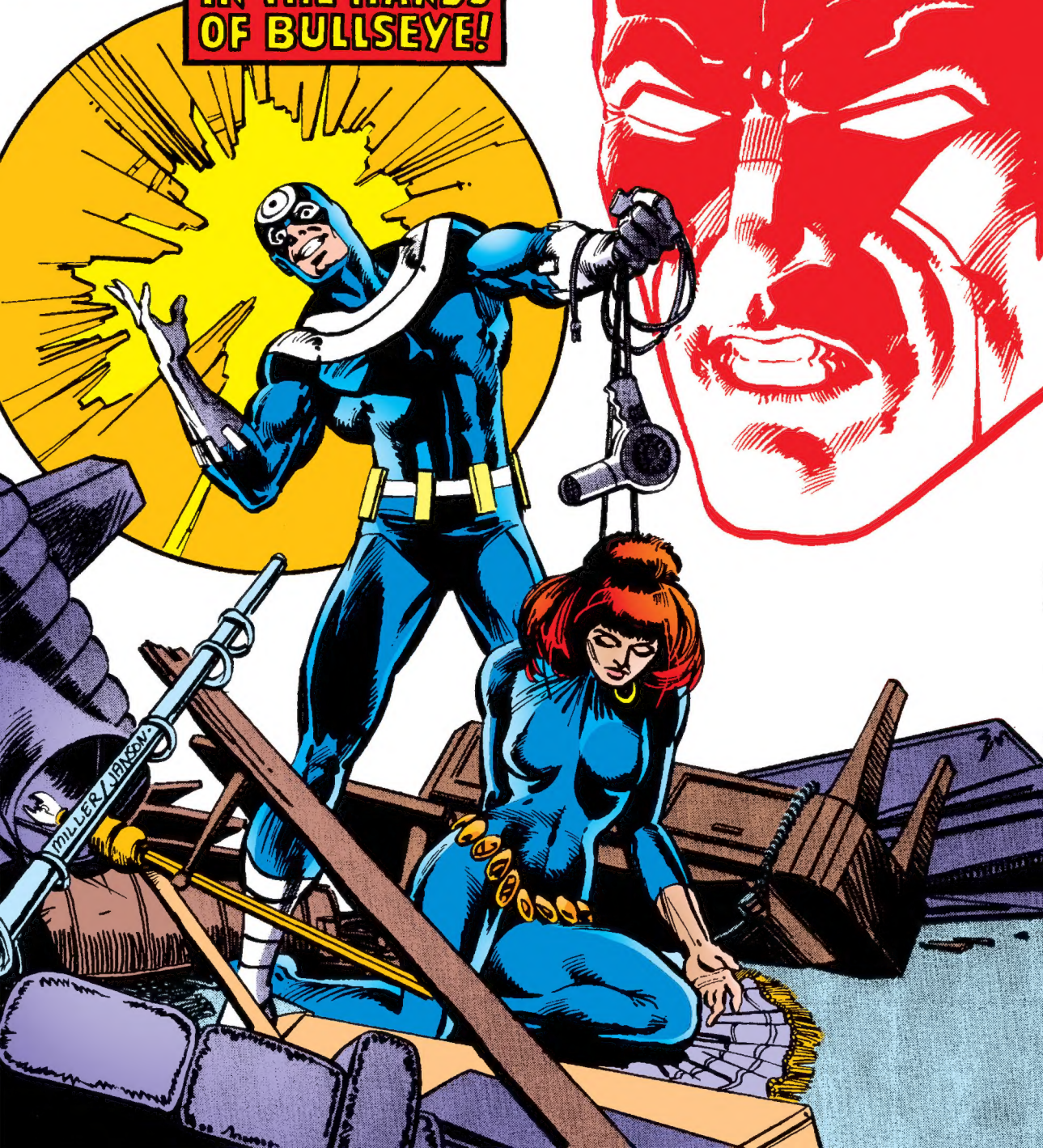
MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY



# DAREDEVIL

IN THE HANDS  
OF BULLSEYE!



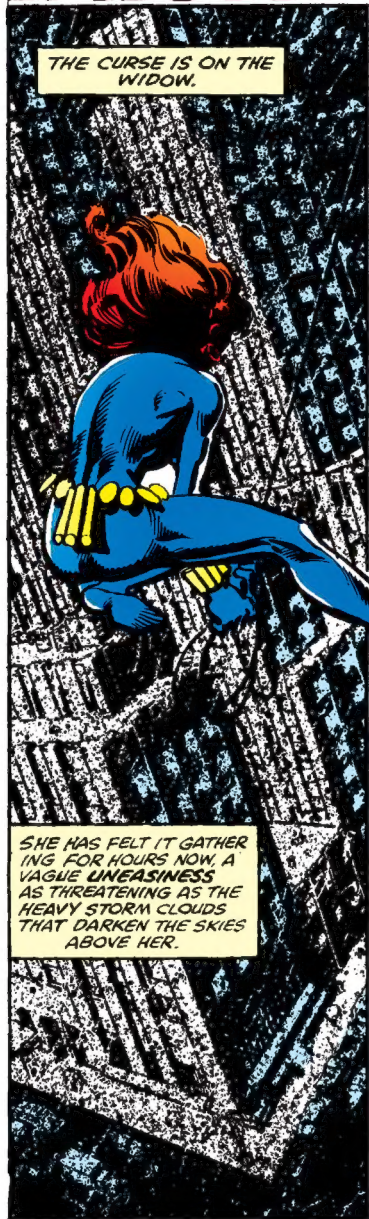


He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**®

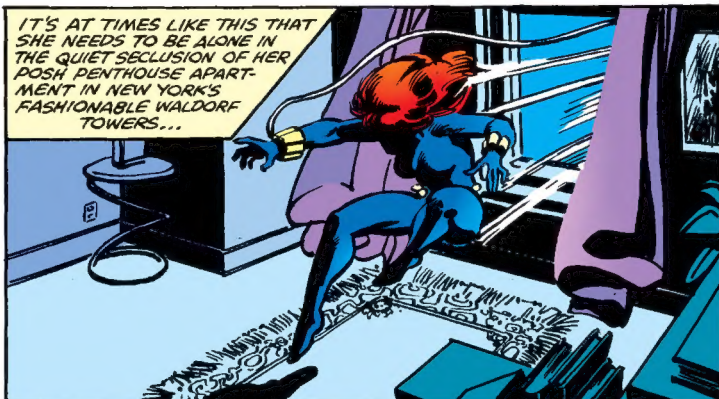
## EPILOGUE..

THE CURSE IS ON THE WIDOW.

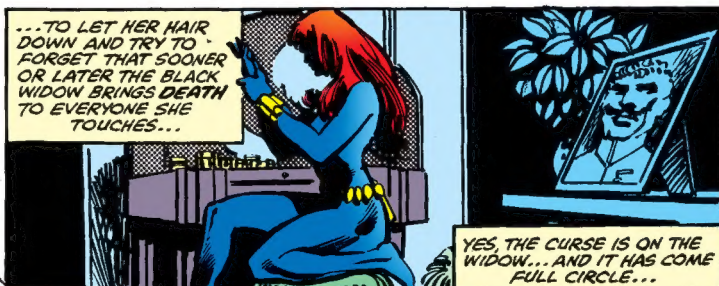


SHE HAS FELT IT GATHERING FOR HOURS NOW, A VAGUE *UNEASINESS* AS THREATENING AS THE HEAVY STORM CLOUDS THAT DARKEN THE SKIES ABOVE HER.

IT'S AT TIMES LIKE THIS THAT SHE NEEDS TO BE ALONE IN THE QUIET SECLUSION OF HER POSH PENTHOUSE APARTMENT IN NEW YORK'S FASHIONABLE WALDORF TOWERS...



...TO LET HER HAIR DOWN AND TRY TO FORGET THAT SOONER OR LATER THE BLACK WIDOW BRINGS DEATH TO EVERYONE SHE TOUCHES...



YES, THE CURSE IS ON THE WIDOW... AND IT HAS COME FULL CIRCLE...

GOOD EVENING, NATASHA ROMANOFF.

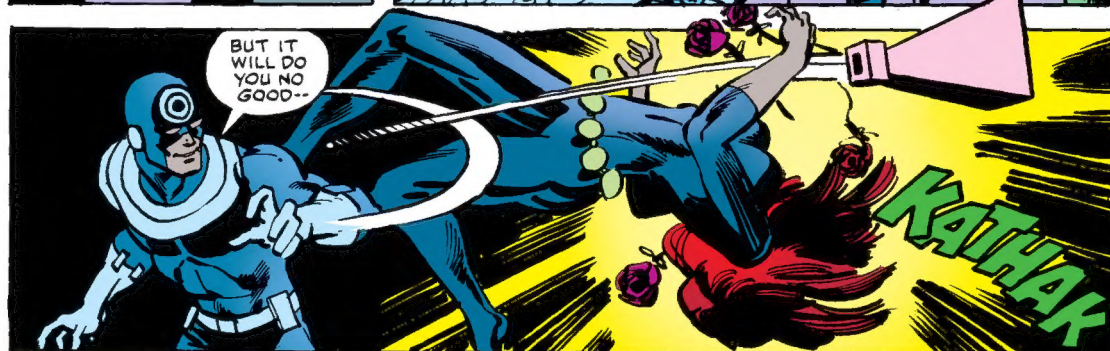
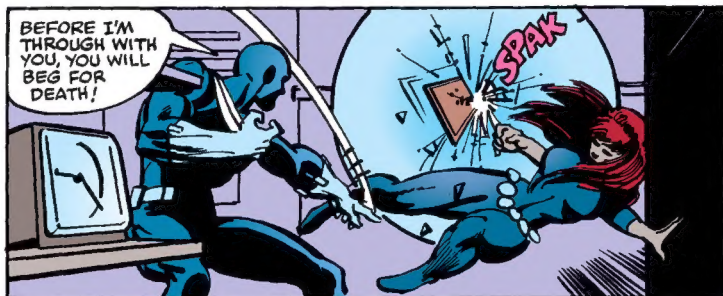
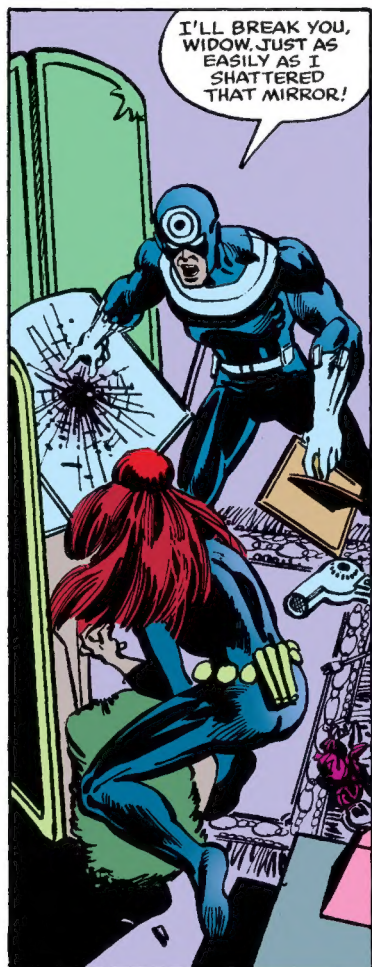


A LOVELY NIGHT FOR MURDER, ISN'T IT?

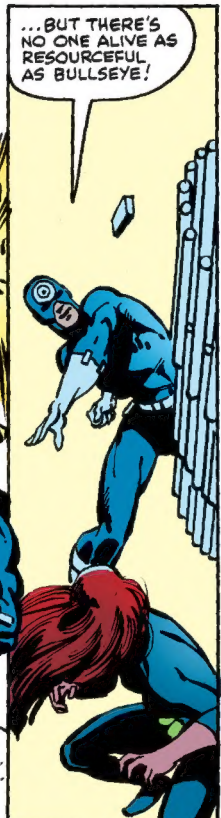
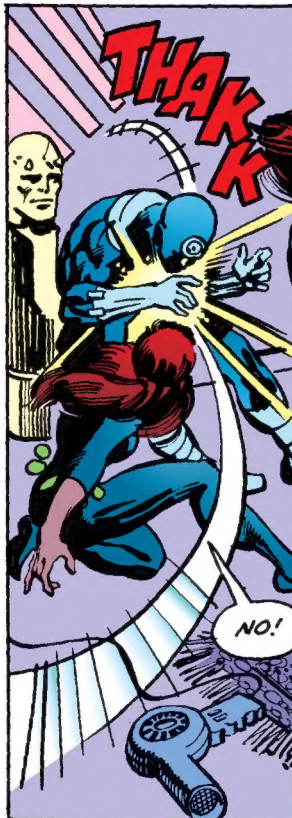
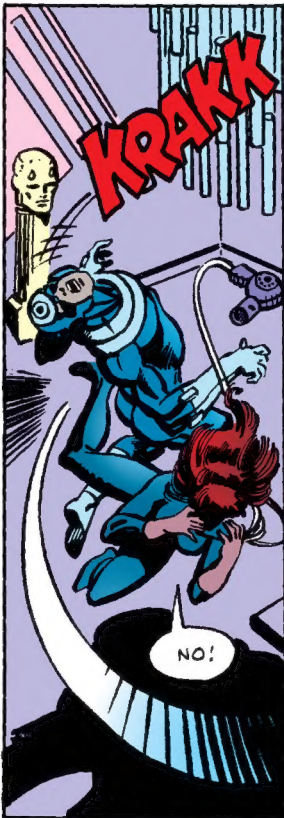
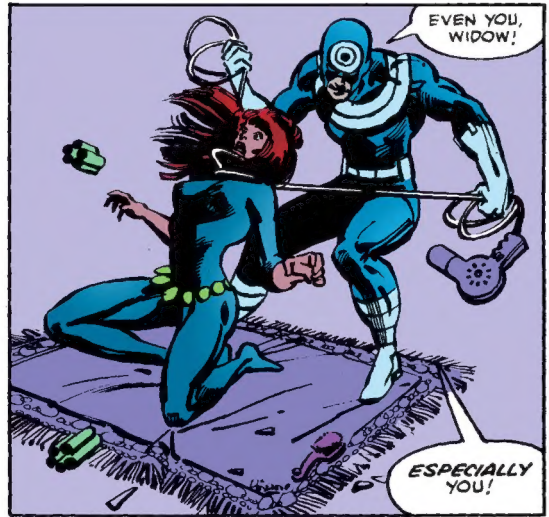


BULLSEYE ?!

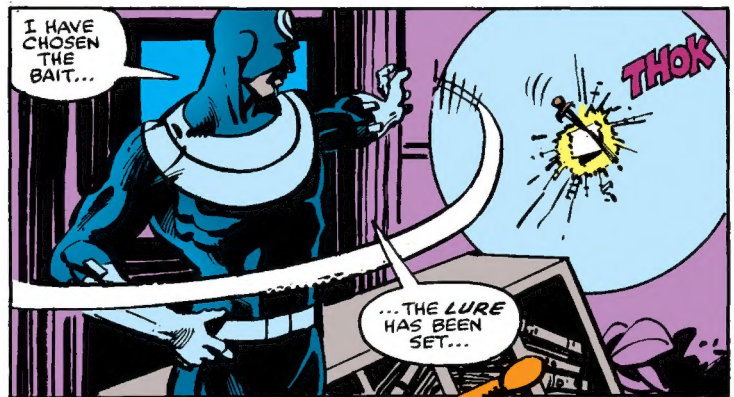














# IN THE HANDS OF BULLSEYE

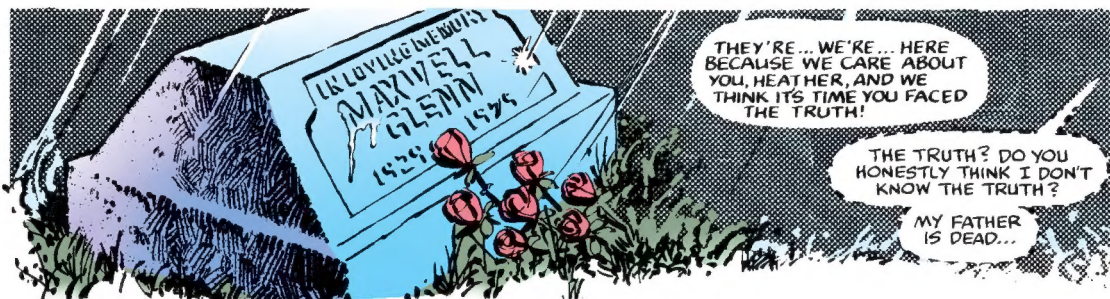
BY MID-MORNING OF THE FOLLOWING DAY THE RAIN HAS BECOME A STEADY DOWNPOUR...

MATT, I DON'T SEE WHY I HAD TO COME HERE, NOT TODAY...

...AND NOT WITH THEM!

ROGER MCKENZIE  
SCRIPT  
FRANK MILLER & KLAUS JANSON  
PENCILS  
JOE ROSEN, LETTERING GYNSWEIN, COLORING  
MARY JO DUFFY AND ALLEN MILGROM  
EDITORS  
JIM SHOOTER ED-IN-CHIEF





THEY'RE... WE'RE... HERE BECAUSE WE CARE ABOUT YOU, HEATHER, AND WE THINK IT'S TIME YOU FACED THE TRUTH!

THE TRUTH? DO YOU HONESTLY THINK I DON'T KNOW THE TRUTH?

MY FATHER IS DEAD...



HEATHER, KNOWING THE TRUTH AND LEARNING TO ACCEPT IT ARE TWO DIFFERENT THINGS. IF WE HADN'T BROUGHT YOU HERE...

...MAYBE I'D NEVER HAVE COME? IS THAT SUCH A BAD THING, MATT? I'VE LOST MY FATHER AND EVERYONE WHO--!

ACHOO



NOT EVERYONE, DARLING...

HAVEN'T I, MATT?

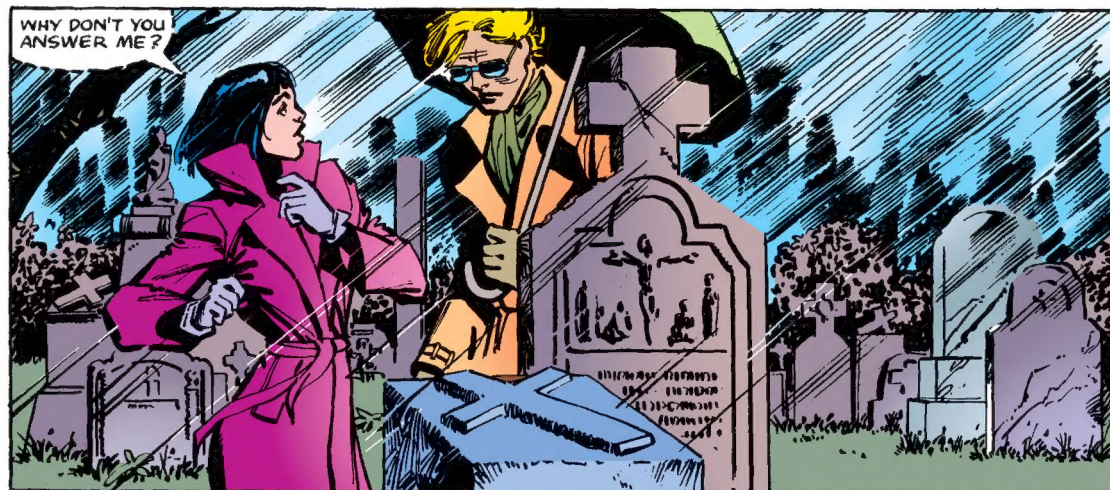


WHEN I... WHEN MY FATHER... NEEDED YOU MOST, YOU WERE ALWAYS TOO BUSY PLAYING DAREDEVIL TO HELP US.

PLEASE, MATT, PROMISE ME YOU WON'T EVER LET THAT HAPPEN AGAIN.

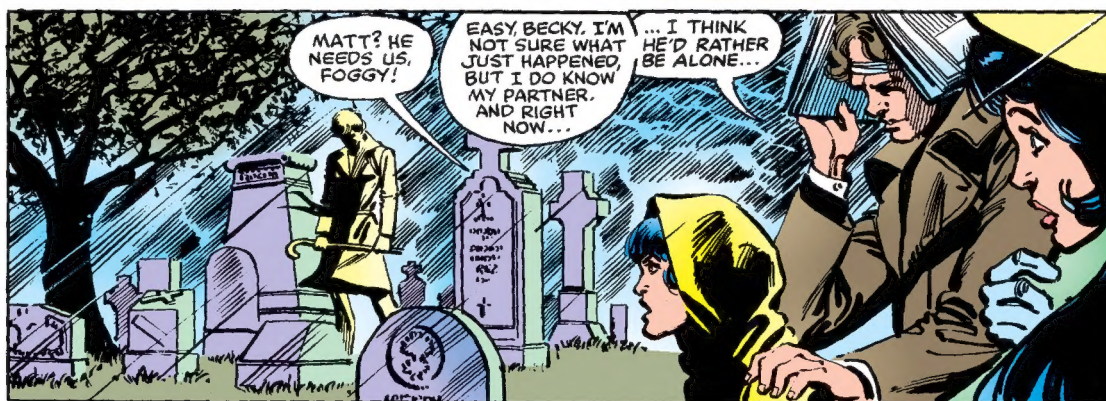
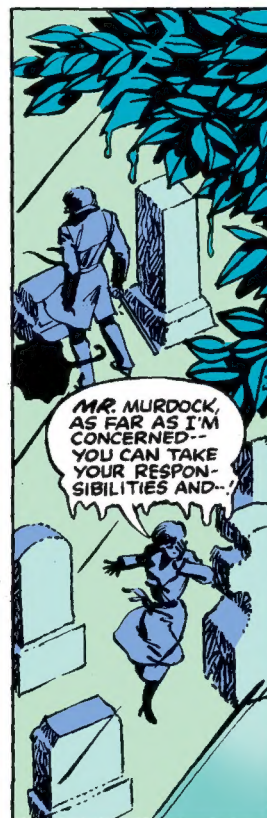
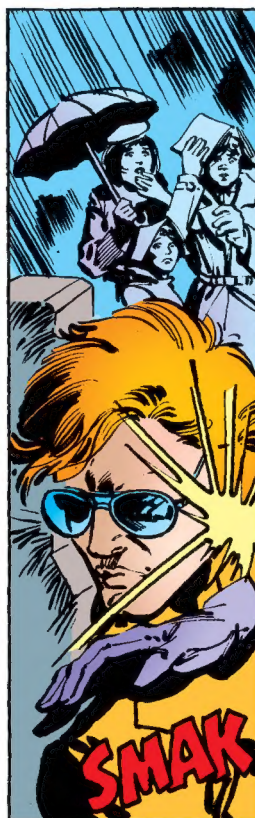


MATT...?



WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME?









I WISH HEATHER AND I COULD HAVE BEEN MORE LIKE **THAT** COUPLE.

THEY DON'T SEEM TO HAVE A CARE IN THE WORLD.



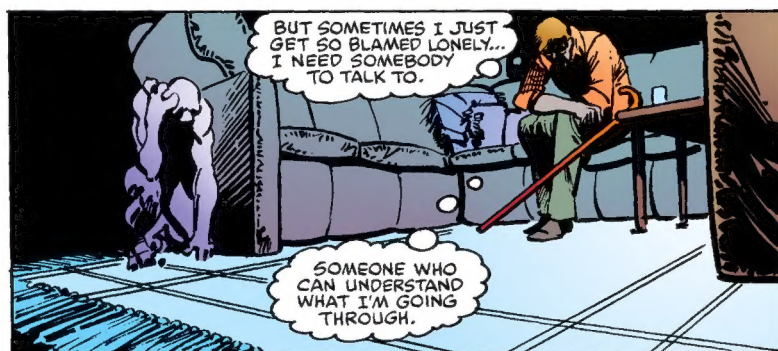
I CAN'T BLAME HEATHER FOR BEING BITTER, BUT SHE **IS** WRONG ABOUT ONE THING. I DON'T LIVE UNDER THE SHADOW OF DAREDEVIL.

IF ANYTHING, I LIVE UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE PROMISE I MADE MY FATHER YEARS AGO.



I SWORE TO HIM I'D MAKE SOMETHING OF MYSELF, AND I THINK I'VE SUCCEEDED... BOTH AS MURDOCK...

...AND AS DAREDEVIL...



BUT SOMETIMES I JUST GET SO BLAMED LONELY... I NEED SOMEBODY TO TALK TO.

SOMEONE WHO CAN UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M GOING THROUGH.



SOMEONE LIKE... NATASHA.

I HAVEN'T SEEN HER IN SEVERAL DAYS...



**POK**



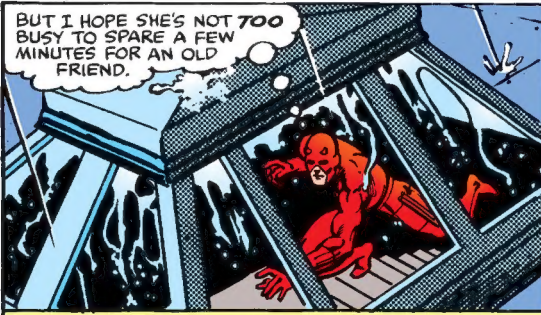
**TAK**



... I GUESS SHE'S BEEN TIED UP.



BUT I HOPE SHE'S NOT TOO BUSY TO SPARE A FEW MINUTES FOR AN OLD FRIEND.



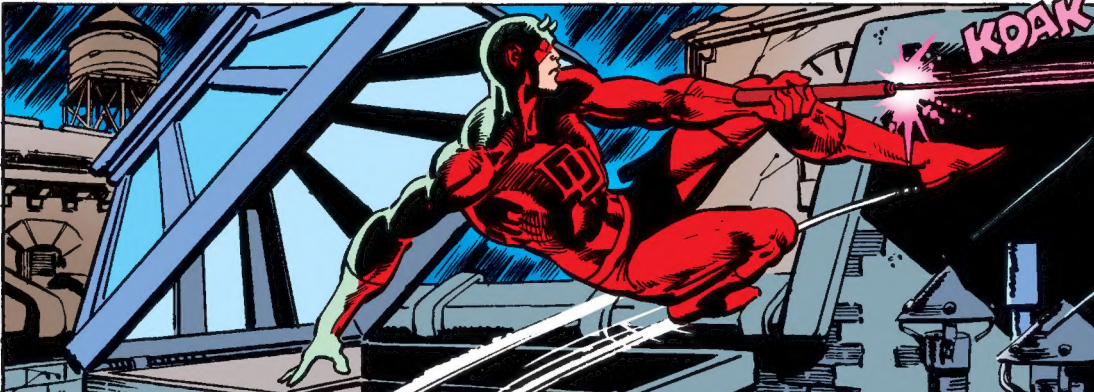
WITH PRACTICED EASE, THE SIGHTLESS MAN WITHOUT FEAR SPRINTS UP A SHADOWED FLIGHT OF STAIRS THAT LEADS TO THE RAIN-PLATTERED ROOFTOP OF HIS UPPER-EAST-SIDE BROWNSTONE--AND TO AN OLD, SEEMINGLY DECREPIT SKYLIGHT.



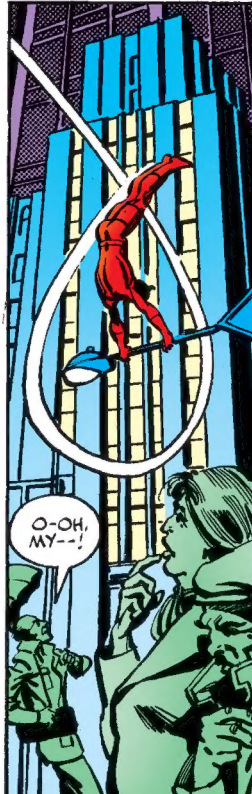
HIS FOOT STABS AT A CONCEALED SWITCH...

...AND SENSING HE IS UNOBSERVED...

**SKREEK**

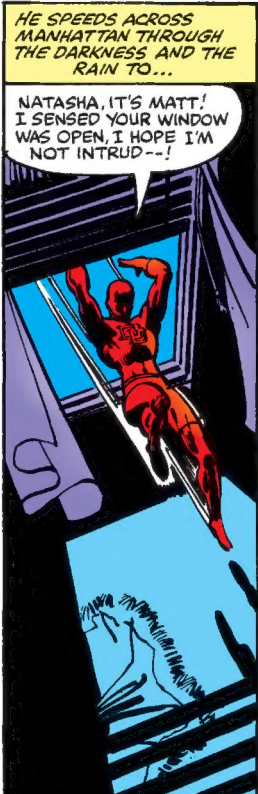
**KOAK**

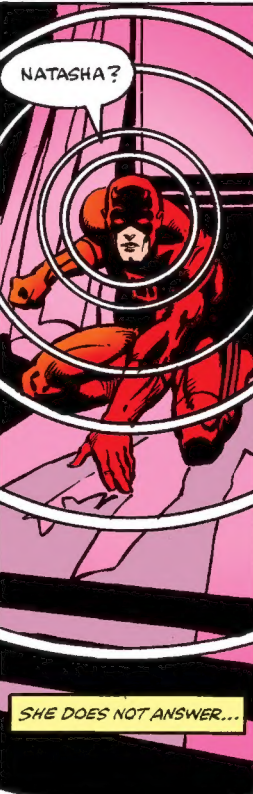
O-OH, MY--!

HE SPEEDS ACROSS MANHATTAN THROUGH THE DARKNESS AND THE RAIN TO...

NATASHA, IT'S MATT! I SENSED YOUR WINDOW WAS OPEN, I HOPE I'M NOT INTRUD--!

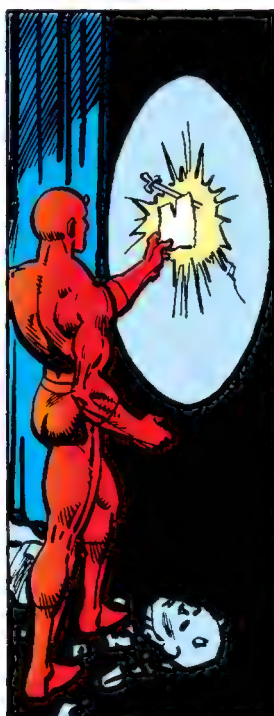
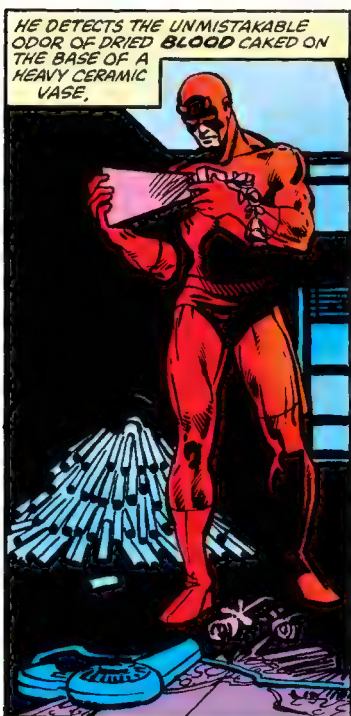
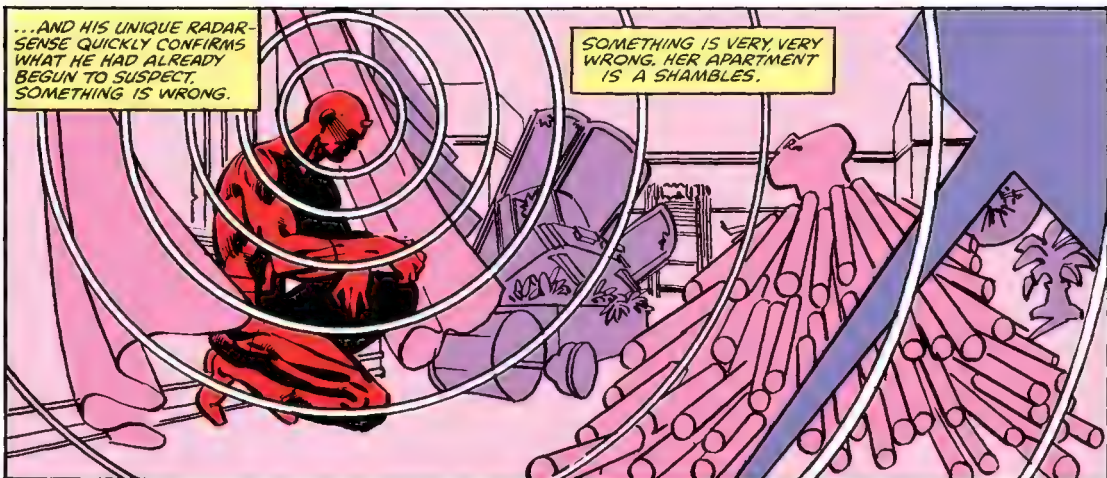


NATASHA?

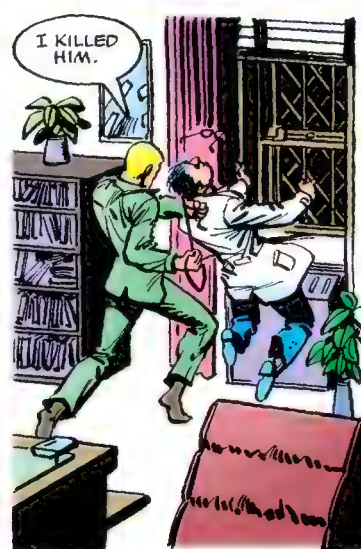
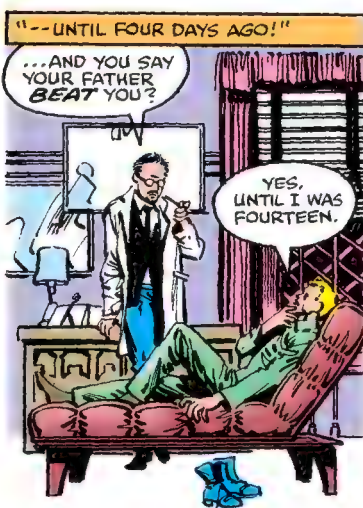
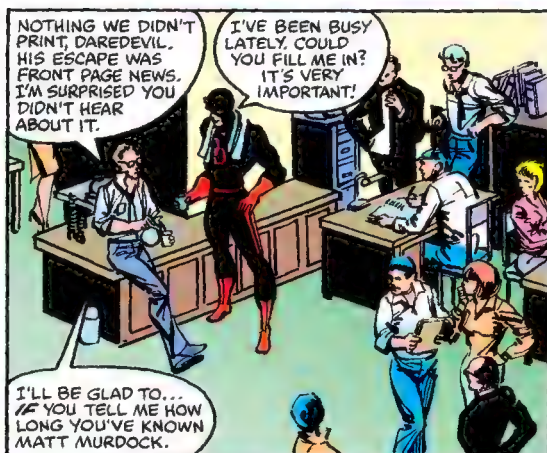


SHE DOES NOT ANSWER...

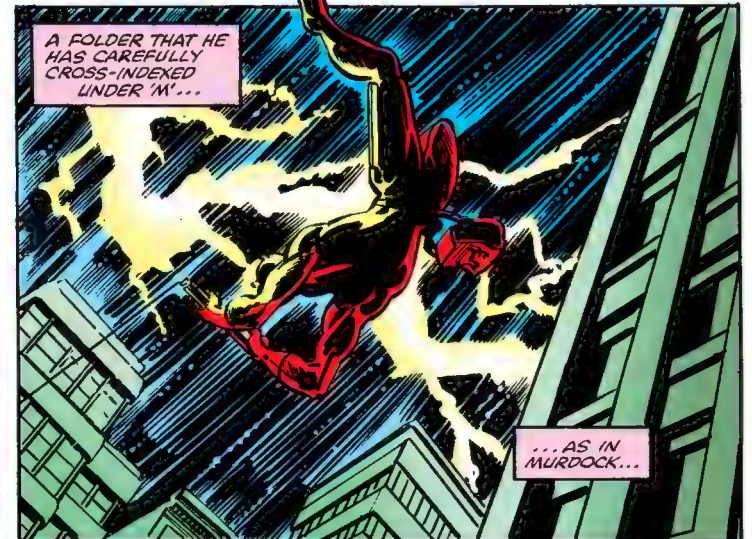
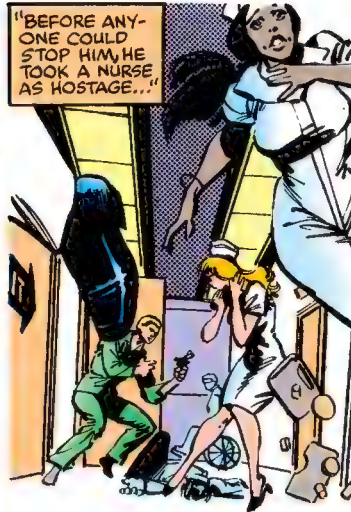






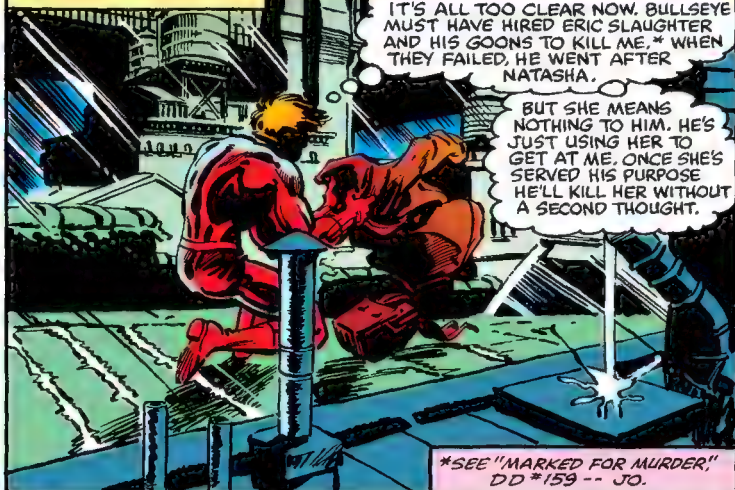








LATER, JUST OFF SOUTH STREET, IN THE COLD, RAIN-DRENCHED SHADOWS OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE...



IT'S ALL TOO CLEAR NOW. BULLSEYE MUST HAVE HIRED ERIC SLAUGHTER AND HIS GOONS TO KILL ME. \* WHEN THEY FAILED, HE WENT AFTER NATASHA.

BUT SHE MEANS NOTHING TO HIM. HE'S JUST USING HER TO GET AT ME. ONCE SHE'S SERVED HIS PURPOSE HE'LL KILL HER WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT.

\*SEE "MARKED FOR MURDER!" DD #159 -- JO.



THIS HAS BECOME A GAME TO HIM. A SICK LITTLE GAME OF REVENGE. HE *WANTS* ME TO FIND HIM.

AND SO HELP ME, HE WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED. I'LL SCOUR EVERY UNDERWORLD DIVE IN THIS CITY UNTIL I DO!



WELL, WELL... "LARK" LOGAN. GOT A MINUTE TO SING FOR YOUR SUPPER, STOOOLIE?

THEY'RE SQUARING OFF IN THE CENTER OF THE RING!

MISTER, I GOT ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD--

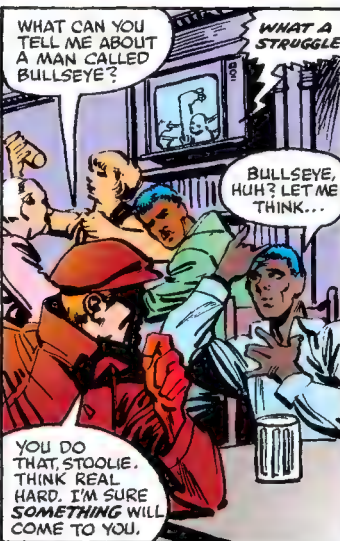
--BUT NOT FOR YOU *OR* YOUR INSULTS!



AND THERE'S THE BELL!

MAKE TIME, STOOOLIE. I NEED ANSWERS.

SO? WHO DON'T?



WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT A MAN CALLED BULLSEYE?

WHAT A STRUGGLE!

BULLSEYE, HUH? LET ME THINK...

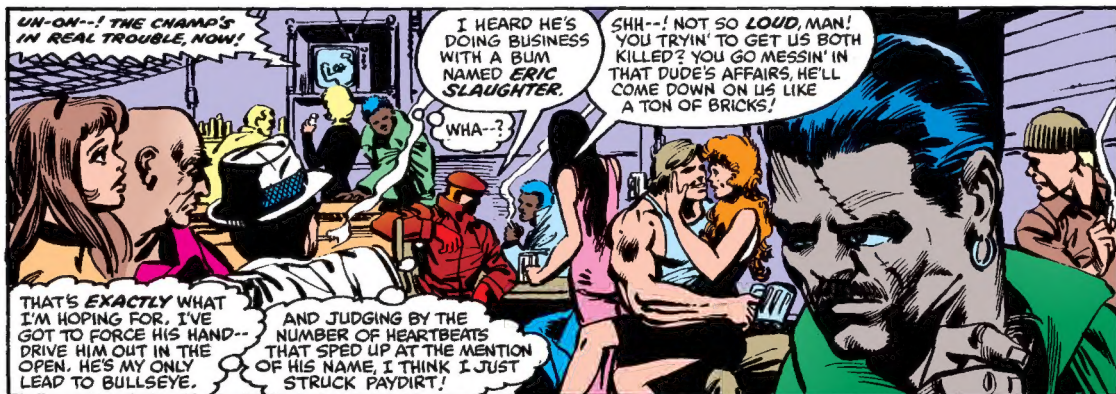
YOU DO THAT, STOOOLIE. THINK REAL HARD. I'M SURE SOMETHING WILL COME TO YOU.



HEY, MITHITHIPPI!--!

YEAH... I'M BEGINNIN' TO SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!





AND, THE NEXT INSTANT...





